you that in my private opinion there can not be much in the Christian religion if it puts its most earnest and zealous professors to wearing out the knees of their pants in religious services in the fall and winter, and then lets them turn over and wear out the rest of their breeches backsliding during the spring and summer. Somehow, William, it does not prove out to suit my notion what religion should be—provided there is such a thing as religion anyway."

I felt that Squire Moore was not disposed to discuss personal piety seriously, and the subject was changed. We never met again to compare opinions about any matter. I learn from his friends, however, that during the closing years of his life he gave close attention to his Bible. He has been seen sitting for hours in the shade of an apple tree, with an open Bible on his knee. It is my fervent hope that my aged friend was able to 'prove out' that it is a "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the greatest," and that he was willing to take the sinner's place and receive the sinner's salvation; at the same time praying: "Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake me not when my strength fails."

ROBERT D. McCUTCHAN.

Among the citizens of our county deserving special notice for industry, hospitality, and good influence on society, Robert Dunlap McCutchan, late of Thomas Creek, is to be remembered as one justly entitled to

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such consideration. While he was not one of the pioneers, he came to Pocahontas soon after the organization of the county, virtually settled in the woods, and built up a home that was noted far and near for its good cheer and lavish hospitality.

January 11, 1825, he married Elizabeth Youel Lockridge, near Goshen, Virginia, and settled on Thomas Creek, in 1826. They were the parents of five sons and four daughters. All of their children except two preceded them to the grave. The eldest died in infancy.

Samuel Hodge McCutchan was a Confederate soldier and a member of Captain J. W. Marshall's company. He was captured in 1863 and taken to Camp Chase, and remained there until the close of the war. He came home in broken health, and died of consumption in 1869.

John Blain McCutchan was also a Confederate volunteer, and served in the same company. He married soon after the war, Mrs Rachel Bird, daughter of Jacob Bible, near Greenbank. He lately died. There were four children: Iizzie, now Mrs F. M. Dilley; Robert and Luther, twins, died young; and Margaret.

William Andrew Gatewood McCutchan went to Georgia when twelve years of age, to be educated by his uncle, Andrew Lockridge, a Presbyterian minister. His health failed, and he returned home in his fifteenth year. He soon after united with the church at Dunmore, and began studies for the ministry. He volunteered in the war. In the battle of Seven Pines he went into action contrary to his captain's advice, feel-

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ing it his duty to fight as long as he could handle his musket, but being overcome by fatigue, he was ordered back to the rear, fell sick with pneumonia, and never recovered.

Luther McCutchan died the first year of the war, in his fifteenth year.

Christina Jane McCutchan married David Wetzel, and lived in Lewisburg. Her children were William, Sallie, Lizzie, and Lena. Sallie Wetzel married Newton Hartsook, and lived in Lewisburg. Lizzie became Mrs Lake White, of White Sulphur. Lena married Gordon Bright, and lived in Jtaunton. William Wetzel married Florence Ridgeway, of Monroe County, and lives in Lewisburg.

Nancy Caroline McCutchan, an excellent young lady, died in 1861.

Mary Martha McCutchan, when about verging into womanhood, passed away from her earthly home.

Elizabeth Eleanor McCutchan married A. K. Dysard and lives at Driftwood. Their children are Lawrence and Mrs Bessie Beard.

Robert D. McCutchan was a ruling Elder in the Presbyterian church for forty or fifty years. He was born in 1803, and died after prolonged sufferings from a cancerous affection, February 22, 1883.

Mrs Elizabeth Y. McCutchan was born in 1803, and died July 2, 1878.

Mrs McCutchan, whose pet name was 'Aunt Betsy,' was a typical Scotch-Irish matron, She was endowed with the traits of character developed in her ancestry by the civil and religious commotions that occurred in

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the Scottish highlands and the historic parts of North Ireland, to which reference has occasionally been made in these notes. She was self reliant, kind hearted to a fault, self possessed in all emergencies, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, ever ready to weep with those that wept, rejoicing with those that rejoiced, and could hold more than her own if challenged on doctrinal points.

Mr McCutchan inherited the patient, plodding habits of industry his ancestors acquired on the Scottish hills that Robert Burns knew so well and disliked to practice so much. In a piny section of Pocahontas he found lands that reminded him of the kind where his own parents had toiled and made a bountiful living for well nigh a century.

Far and near this family would attend religious worship, the weather be what it might. For years Greenbank and Huntersville, the first eight and the other twelve miles away, were the nearest points of the church service of their preference.

These pleasant people, so happy in their home relations, were not separated long. They and the most of their children sleep in well cared for graves on a grassy knoll overlooking the scenes where they passed their quiet, useful lives for more than fifty years.

By his last will and testament Robert McCutchan endowed Baxter Church with a fund of $500, Dr John Ligon, Trustee. The annual interest to be for pastoral support.

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